SAWDUST

NOV. - 1944

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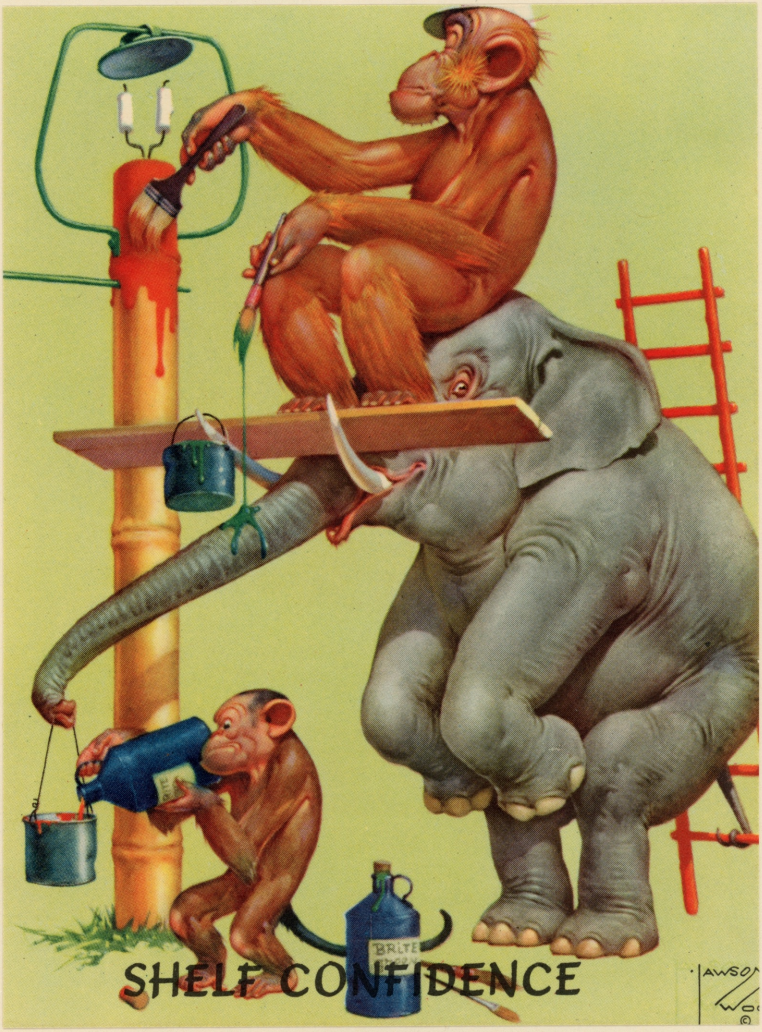
"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"



A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

MELANCHOLIA

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
When everything is on the bum,
And also out of gear;
When slightest accidents begin
To get a fellow's goat;
You find the moths have just been in
Your lightweight overcoat.
You have a funny feeling in
The region of your heart;
You wonder if at last you've been
Assailed by Cupid's dart;
You suffer from a strange unrest,
And then you start to swear;
It isn't love that's on your chest,
It's woolen underwear.
You're looking forward to the time
When you can get ahead
And have at least a slender dime
To spend before you're dead;
Your spirits then begin to raise—
But lower quickly when
You find "so many" shopping days
Till Christmas comes again.

—From Greeters' Key.

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

•

E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers
Tom Hancock

•

Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

•

Chalfant Press, Printers

"SAWDUST IS LATE . . .

A Tennessee country-weekly editor once published this notice: "Ye Ed wants to apologize for last week's POST-EXAMINER not going to press until this week, on account of Flub Hooker having paid up a two-year subscription with a gallon jug of first-run mountain dew."

SAWDUST is very, very late. But no Flub Hooker aided and abetted it.

Our good readers should know that portions of this issue as well as December's were printed in 1944. Much of the type was set and has since been standing. All of the copy was written in the publication months. Some of it is going to read funny—or perhaps, queer as hell, now that we are well into another year.

Thanksgiving left-overs are consumed several days after the big day. Housewives don't relish wasting them. We don't consider SAWDUST's November and December issues left-overs. But, definitely, we aren't going to waste money already paid to our printer. Besides, we bind a number of twelve annual issues for friends, and a hundred years from now we wouldn't want anyone to think there were only ten months in 1944.

Some people would like to take a year out of their lives. SAWDUST has no regrets, but under existing circumstances we believe there will be no 1945 for SAWDUST. Beginning January, 1946, we hope to be bigger if not better than ever, and—ON TIME.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Ciconian Race

We are racing the stork and there are already 5 of us living in the trailer, so please see that material is here before Saturday.—C. L. W., Ridgecrest, Cal.

● **The stork being a bit be-draggled, victory was ours. In the building materials business there is seldom a dull moment. Nor, we assume, in a trailer housing five.—Ed.**

Rankled

In re your comment on me and my slight relationship to the plunge—you called me "a rank outsider" you know. Just how much investment of cash, labor and worry does a guy have to make in a community to at least get the "rank" dropped from the title?—Roy French, L. A., Cal.

Eximiousness

I received the bound volume of SAWDUST today! Many thanks. And many thanks for the sentiments you inscribed inside the cover. They got me, no fooling.—Clarence Badger, Sydney, Australia.

Homing

So, Mister, you'll be seeing me. I look forward to those accumulated copies of LIFE. I've seen not three since I came over here to the end of the world. I'm hopeful some kind friend will (or has) salt away a side of venison for me. —Major G. P. Putnam, 468 Bomb Group, APO, N. Y.

Pleasancy

Thank you so much for the October SAWDUST. I especially enjoyed the account of your trip to Indiana. . . .—Kay Quinn, L. A., Cal.

Prognostication

"A defeated nation can, even better than a victorious nation, be trained and prepared for the day of final victory. It may happen that I cannot win victory at once in this coming war; we may be forced to interrupt it. Then we all will be back underground. We will smile, we will look, we will wait. But after some years, when the weak and inefficient democracies will have utterly failed to solve the world's post-war problems, we will suddenly break loose from underground and our stupefied enemies will discover too late that millions of their own youth, misguided by weak education, disappointed by democracy's failure, will be on our side. Victory in the third world war will be quick and easy. It will be in our pocket like a ripe apple we take from the falling tree of democracy."—Adolph Hitler, 1938.

Reminiscency

I would like to take this means in behalf of the Rotary Club to express our sincere appreciation for the fine . . . . All during your talk my thoughts were directed to some twenty years ago when you and I used to run around the old cinder path at the Brazil High School Athletic Field.—Malcolm E. Schafer, Secy., Brazil, Ind.

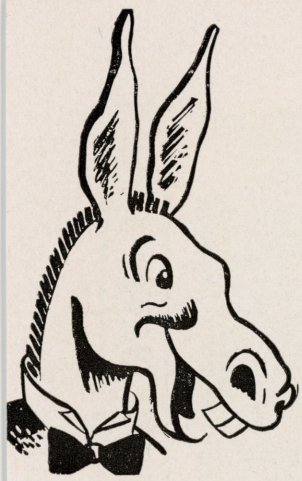
Sabotage?

We are sorry to report that, as the result of very unusual circumstances the film identified below has been accidentally damaged while being processed in our laboratory.—Eastman Kodak Company, Hollywood, Cal.

● **100 feet of 16 mm movies of June's Lone Pine grand Air Show. Hmmn, could it be?—Ed.**

RETROSPECTION . . . THE GAY TWENTIES

The above group attended a linen shower at the home of Miss Genevieve Naffziger honoring Miss None Schwalbach's engagement to Milon "Don" Longwell. Time: 1926. To help you recognize them—front center: Billy Best, Shirley Jean Panzer, Bill Chapman. First Row: Laura Miller Bedwell, Hallie Maddox Watterson, Anne Smith Keeshan, Lorene Lewis Millner, Mrs. Eddie Johnson, Edward Chapman, Mrs. Fred Pauch, Stella Williamson, Maude Dow, Laura Burkhardt, Ida Proebstal, Mrs. T. H. Watterson. Second Row: Mrs. Frank Boyer and baby Jack, Helen Best, Mrs. A. G. Miller, Gwen Bell, Dolores Jobin, Mrs. Jack Aronson, Elisa Fear, None Schwalbach Longwell, Mrs. Fred Leete, Mrs. A. T. Smith, Mrs. L. L. Stewart, Blanche Van Norman, Mrs. Wm. Lyle Skinner, Mrs. George Mates (behind Mrs. Skinner). Last Row: Hazel Cramer Fiske, Ruth Martin, Ida Dougherty, unidentified, Mrs. Frank Logan, Mrs. Sid Parratt, Aurelia McLean, Jessie Roper, Molly Walker, Cordelia Leavitt, Katherine Spainhower, Mrs. James Walker, Mrs. Margaret Rees, Genevieve Naffziger, Mrs. J. C. Baxter, Mrs. Tom Chapman.



THE BUCK-TOOTHED WINNAH!

The pre-election favorite sport of this writer's and Charlie Sumner's was to take one of Westbrook Pegler's choice columns to Jim Mill's Pool & Poker Palace Emporium Deluxe. A Raw Deal stronghold. We would prop our feet on the table nearest the rickety bar and this writer would proceed to slowly and loudly read Pegler's barbs to Charlie. In fact so loudly, a stranger would consider Charlie in dire need of ear-phones. At the conclusion of each paragraph either of us would make appropriate comments wholly agreeing with Pegler. Most of this chemical treatment was left to Charlie. Charlie, as many unfortunately know, is a genius at corrosive causticity that burns to the quick.

We paid no heed to the mutterings of the barflies, and always when the little act was completed, there wasn't a customer left in the place. Old Jim Mills would be away up at the front window trying to interest himself in the center white-line of the pavement. Apparently the only reason he didn't scram was the necessity of watching the cash register and stock.

Why didn't Jim throw us out? Charlie Sumner owns a half interest in the joint. Jim made no overtures toward buying him out. We understand Jim was trying luckless to buy a pair of ear-muffs. In his characterization we were "a couple of hot Republicans."

Our little acts were terrific wastes. The gallonage of unfinished bottles of beer abandoned by the barflies as they took flight would re-float the Normandie.

Anyway, Jim has no complaint. Of all the persons this writer employs, only one is a registered Republican. But there is a wide difference between Democrats and Raw Dealers. Had it not been for the Democrats, Inyo and Mono counties would have not voted overwhelmingly for Dewey and Bricker. In Inyo county there are but 1,579 registered Republicans. Democrats number 1,978.

That is why SAWDUST proclaims monthly "Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy."

Raw Dealers should know they were not voting for F.D.R. They were voting for Harry Truman. Yet, what little chance would Truman have had had he headed the ticket against Dewey.

As our next president, what will Harry Truman have to offer? Much the same as we have experienced the past 12 years. An individual, unable to make a success of a small haberdashery business, running the largest business in the world—the United States.

Under Truman, nepotism and favoritism will continue. As Senator, he retained his wife on the public pay-roll as secretary, at $4,500.00 per year.

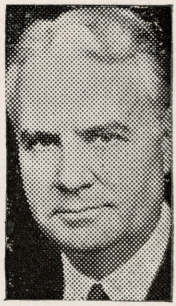
And what about the past 12 years we complain?

During the past doz-

en years we've heard quite a lot about planned economy, and present indications are that before long we'll get another dose of propaganda on this subject. This time the name will be changed to something like "compensatory economy," but don't let that fool you, it will be the same old chestnut no matter what it's called or how it may be dressed.

The "long-haired" boys are quite fond of presently planned economy as the one and only cure for all our national ills and ailments. They are firmly convinced that if we will just turn everything over to them, they'll be able to plan everything so we will at long last actually have in this country the land of milk and honey this world has been searching for ever since the beginning of time. They are so much smarter and so much brighter than all of the rest of us—actually to them we are nothing more than the poor, dumb saps who pay the taxes—that they can plan our individual lives for us infinitely better than we could ever do it ourselves. How they got that way is absolutely beyond comprehension, as none of them was able to earn a decent living before they got on the public payroll—but, nevertheless, that's the way they are. They are shrewd and tricky.

The basis of their philosophy, if that's the proper word, is that whenever there is what they think is too much of anything, it must be destroyed. If they decree that there are to many little pigs, they must be slaughtered. If they think there is too much wheat, cotton or corn, it must be plowed under, and no one need be concerned about anything at all. The planners have everything under control.



In fact, they have it worked out on paper, that everyone will get more and more for producing less and less, until eventually everyone will have everything for producing nothing.

That'll be the BIG day in more ways than one!

Before long we'll know who won the election. The CIO's are claiming the victory. To be sure they screamed about Hoover and veterans selling apples.

To our notion, the 3,300,000 federal job-holders furnished the margin of victory. Roosevelt carried 36 states. For your edification we offer the following table on 15 of those states without analysis or further comment:

State	Fed. Employees in State	4th Term Margin
Arizona	18,700	20,770
California	289,100	457,703
Illinois	128,600	142,384
Maryland	53,600	16,106
Massachusetts	114,200	89,835
Michigan	53,300	19,756
Missouri	50,700	33,693
Nevada	6,100	1,843
New Jersey	83,200	26,573
New Mexico	15,800	9,915
New York	297,400	316,013
Oklahoma	44,900	74,750
Oregon	18,700	21,522
Pennsylvania	196,900	50,130
Washington	93,200	89,411

EL TEMBLOR

"Wallpaper" in September's SAWDUST commented mildly—not critically—about earthquakes and pumice-block structures. The verbal outbursts from a couple manufacturing and selling them were not mild, if any outburst could be termed mild. "Calamity howler" may be apropos. But we weren't howling as may be verified by turning to September's comments. Also, we deny that we have refrained from utilizing every opportunity to "Knock" an item competitive to lumber.

We have always sold roofing papers along with cedar shingles (when we can get them); plaster lath with wood lath; metal siding with redwood sidings; and far, far into the night. We know of no law preventing us from manufacturing or selling pumice blocks. 15 to 20 years ago, concrete blocks were extensively used for local construction. But we didn't sell them. Those houses are still in excellent shape but no amount of money could hire us to live in one.

This community is snugly set astraddle the Inyo fault. North of town it may be distinctly observed from a few feet to several hundred yards for three or four miles alongside U. S. 395 and 6.

So what?

Nothing much. Minor temblors from time to time remind us of the possibility of a repeat performance that killed or injured 60 local residents in a far smaller Lone Pine, March 26, 1872. Thanks to Miss Lenore Carrasco for a timely copy of the INYO INDEPENDENT, April 6, 1872, herewith briefly quoted from many columns of descriptive facts by eye-witness editor, P. A. Chalfant:

"It was a terrible scene when all were so rudely awakened from deep slumber to face death in its most terrifying form. Men whose cheeks would never blanche in ordinary danger cried out in a very agony of terror, women screamed as they clasped their crying little ones, cattle lowed, horses broke from their fastenings and huddled together, dogs howled, chickens left their roosts and staggered about in the darkness in their wild efforts to escape a danger that came they knew not whence. Strong wooden houses bounded up and down and rolled to and fro like ships in a heavy seaway, crockery smashed and furniture danced about the floors, chimneys dropped instantly to the ground, stone and adobe houses crumbled and went to earth like piles of sand, burying the miserable occupants in the ruins, and the whole world was in its last convulsions! It would fill volumes to detail all the wonders of those few seconds of time—the wondrous phenomena of nature, the dire calamities, the personal experiences, miraculous escapes and interesting incidents, but for the present we are forced to forego the greater part of these things, and give some main facts, the most of which at the time or subsequently came under our own observation."

In Lone Pine's list of dead, editor Chalfant cryptically includes:

"Lucy ....., and two Frenchmen, names unknown, all dead in the same room."

The earthquake came at 2:30 a. m.

Although heretofore unknown to us, we believe editor Chalfant suitably justifies our opinion of all types of building blocks, when he editorialized more than 72 years ago:

"Severe and appalling as this great convulsion of the earth unquestionably was, it is a settled conviction with all here, that not a person would have been killed or hurt had their houses all have been made of wood. . . . it would be daring fate not to take every reasonable precaution against accidents, which means to forever eschew 'dobes, brick and stone in building."

Now, more than ever, you may have your pumice blocks. But excuse us, please!

—SD—

CANDID CAMERA . . .

The cotton-stockinged, bloomer-topped, pipe-stem legs above were of Lone Pine's newest bride on an October day in 1927.

The place was at the first, and at that time almost only resident in A. T. Hay's new amended addition to the town of Lone Pine.

SAWDUST LOCALS . . . .

Items Omitted From the Lone Pine Press

The big wind last month blew so hard that one of Bill Adair's hens had to lay the same egg four times.

If you think there's anything wrong with you and your youngsters, you can get examined at the free school clinic at the Parish Hall, where t. b. and other diseases will be offered free of charge between 2 and 4. Everything's free, but this offer doesn't include livestock, the County Nurse says.

The local preacher's going to talk on "Souls Burning in Hell" next Sunday. "Tell Mother I'll Be There" will be rendered by the choir.

To Whom It May Concern:

I hereby apologize for shooting rock salt at that couple in my patch the other night. I thought they were stealing pumpkins.

D. D. T.

Classifieds:

INSURANCE: What would your wife do if you passed on to the Great Beyond? One of our genuine copper wash boards will make her financially independent. Hopkins Hardware.

HELP WANTED: Will person who picked up my hat at Lions Club please return same? The one I came home with has a letter in the lining from some female not related to the family. I need help getting in the house. Box 226, Sawdust.

LADIES - READY - TO - WEAR CLOTHES: It's about time. Skirts —shirts—nerts. Bloomers, with or without drop-seat and draw-string. $1.00. Try them on at Benny's Lone Pine Dept. Store.

Wallpaper

Fond hope when Lone Pine's Community Plunge is completed early in 1945: A crowd of kids with water in it . . . Remember when we used to worry which side our bread was buttered on? . . . Anguished guest of the month: Major Roy French—"grounded." If he makes any more speeches relative to certain war experiences, back in uniform he goes . . . September 30th. saw Jack Henry's last run as engineer of the old narrow guage. He has engineered the narrow guage since 1907. Jack and his wife have moved to San Fernando, and as may be expected, after 43 years of railroading, his new residence is just three blocks from the S. P. tracks . . . Despite keeping this lumber yard open 56 hours a week, a lot of folks seem to believe they aren't sufficient. They should try crowding their requirements into 40 hours a week in Southern California . . . Words of a local lady, bless her, to a certain insurance agent residing in Bishop: "Until Rudie Henderson dies, quits, or sells out, don't bother!" . . . Intriguery: Watching players slamming cards around playing panguingui, a Tagalong gambling game played with ten decks of cards. Julius Mahrt seems to be an addict although he explosively declares that any so-and-so that plays it would----. Well, anyway it has something to do with sheep . . . Said painter Crocker in one of his lush moods to Slim Honerlah: "Lemme tell yuh, Slim, what I'm goin' to do for the swimmin' pool----" Slim waved him off with an impatient roar: "Don't tell me what you're going to do! Come over and let me see you do it!" . . . She wasn't much of a dancer, but, boy—could she intermission! . . . With girdles becoming more difficult to buy, the masculine outlook has broadened . . . Here's a way to make your butter ration stretch: Mix a pound of butter with a pound of lard and you can't tell the difference. It all tastes like lard . . . Unconscious of race-supremacy, as he should be, Jimmy-the-Red spoke glowingly of a little Paiute friend: "We would make good brothers." . . . Near tragedy at home: Friend wife picking up my glasses and putting them on early one morning, wondering what made her miss the steps going downstairs . . . Home on leave, there are reports that naval lieutenant George Sav-

age has rigged up a new-fangled rocker out here on the desert to keep him in trim . . . This writer was laid up with phlebitis (pronounced flea-bite-us—although it has nothing to do with them) this month when process-server Oscar Burkhardt barged into our bedroom with something cheery in the way of a 47-page summons. The bulky Greetings were again from faith, hope, and cherishing old Joe LeCyr. This time, Joe is asking for $64,172.30. A mere pittance. Joe still has the same mouthpiece, whose law offices are on Hill Street. We suggest he move them to Hope Street.

for your home ... **OR THEIRS**

MIRRORS

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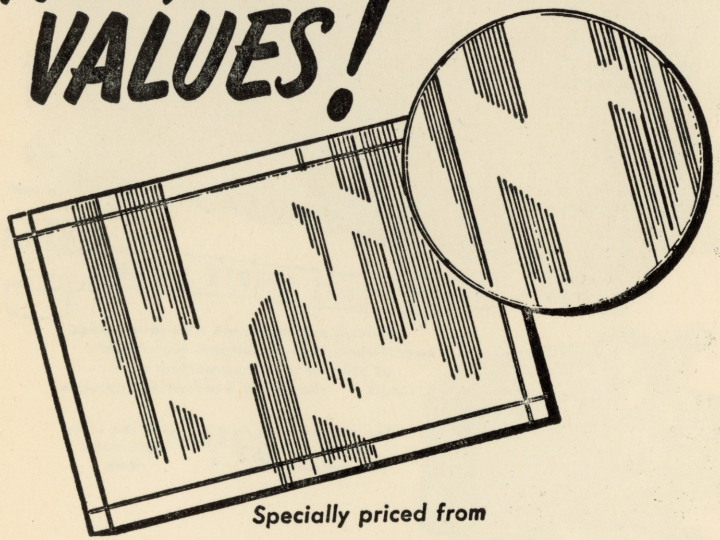
We offer a selection of framed and Venetian styles amazing for these times. Come in and see them! Every mirror made from crystal-clear Pittsburgh plate glass. Gift-packed in protective padded folders. You'll like our prices!



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